

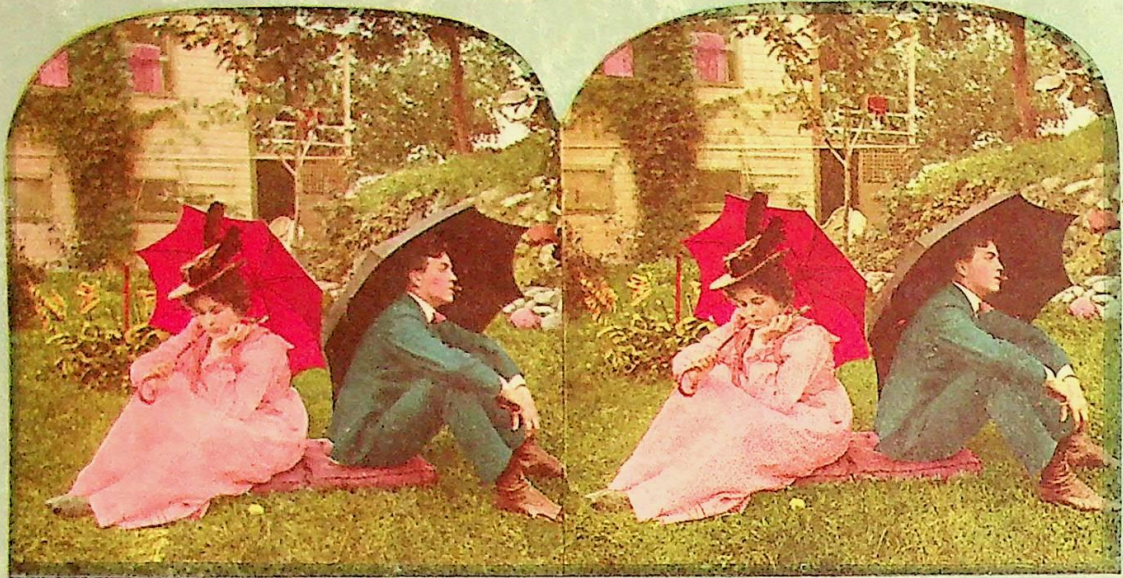
1058. Be Real Nice and I'll Give You One.

No. 1058. "BE REAL NICE AND I'LL GIVE YOU ONE."

They were sitting on the lawn, he and she, just by themselves and if anybody had happened to look out of the windows, why, the parasol would have kept them from seeing. He realized this, but, of course, as far as she was concerned it was all accidental. She was looking at the roses, and he at something that he thought was much prettier than any rose. She was thinking of the roses and he of something else entirely, so when she said, "If you'll be real nice I'll give you one," he took it. It wasn't a rose, but it was a lot sweeter.

There was once a Chicago judge who heard a case just like this because the young woman had the young man arrested—just think of any girl doing that! The young man was telling the story and he said: "Judge, we were sitting there together, and she was just as pretty as a picture. There was no one looking, and she bent her head toward me a little bit, and puckered her lips and—well, Judge, what would you have done?"

"Young man," said the judge sternly, "I'm not on trial, and refuse to answer."

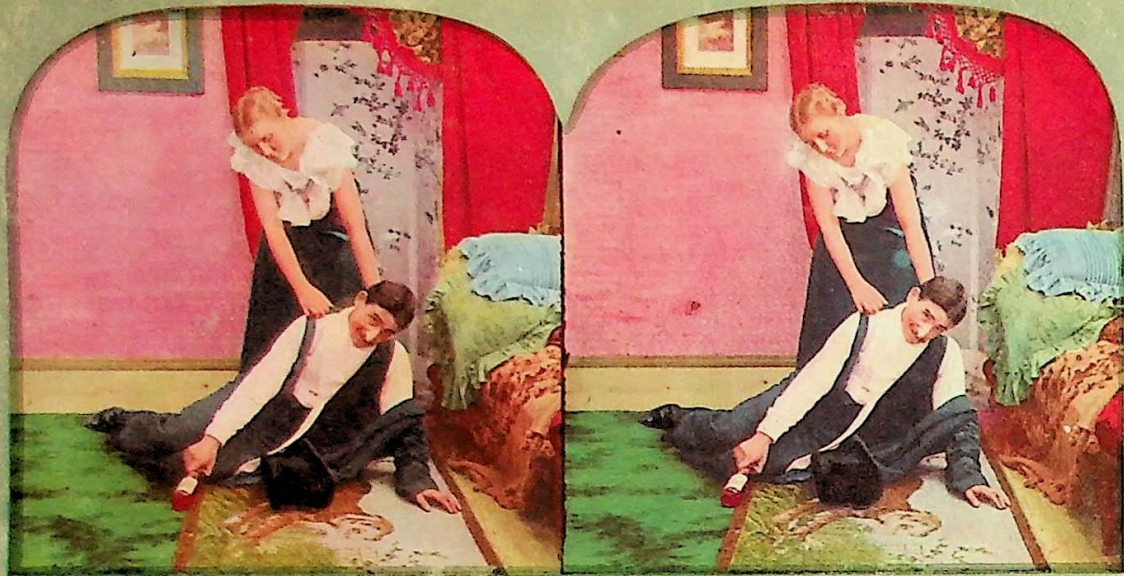


1059. You'll Never Get Another From Me.

No. 1059. "YOU'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER ONE FROM ME."

Just as soon as he had misconstrued her promise, of course, she got mad. Funny how girls are that way, isn't it? And she turned her back and declared, "You'll never get another one from me." Now if she had meant what she meant when she spoke first, why didn't she mean the same thing she meant when she spoke again?

She turned her back and said: "I should think you would be ashamed to act that way. You knew I meant the rose. It wasn't at all gentlemanly for you to kiss me, when I wasn't expecting it. You ought to apologize and beg my pardon; I'll never, never speak to you again. Besides, this wasn't a good place."



1063. And He Rolls In Quite Early.

No. 1063. AND HE ROLLS IN QUITE EARLY.

The wise man staggers down the street, and fumbles at the door, and when his good wife opens it, he tumbles on the floor. She gently cuffs him on the ear, and bats him in his mug, she uses him to wipe the floor, and likewise dust the rug. And when she's jerked his clothes off him she throws him into bed, and leaves him there to sleep it off, and suffer with his head.

The next day R. E. Morse arrives, he vows before all men, that he's reformed and never will remain out after ten. That night he sneaks away down town, and comes home jagged again.

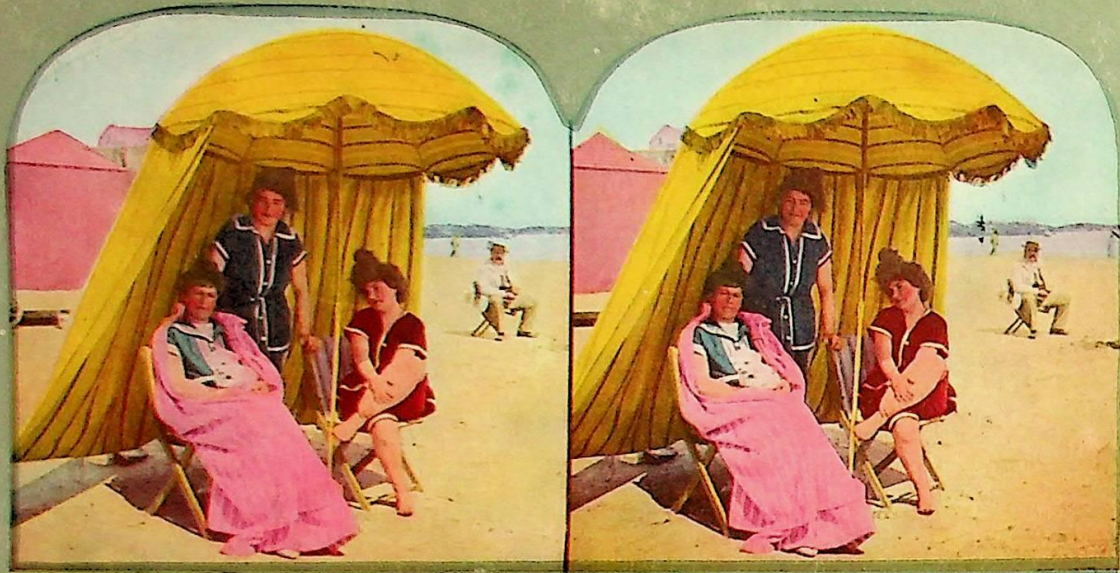


1071. Jacks and Jills on the Beach.

No. 1071. JACKS AND JILLS ON THE BEACH—ATLANTIC CITY.

Nothing so levels all class distinctions as the seashore. Class is mostly a matter of clothes, anyhow, and just as the shirt waist has made it impossible to tell whether a girl is a cook or a princess, so the bathing suit has made it impossible to tell what anyone is. There was a man at Manhattan Beach, near New York one afternoon, who got into a desperate flirtation with the prettiest girl he could find and, after scraping an acquaintance, he inquired, "Haven't I seen your face somewhere?" "Yis, sor," she replied, "Oim the cook."

It is easy to get acquainted, for with class distinctions lost, formality disappears. One afternoon at Atlantic City a man was sitting with his wife and friends on the beach when a beautiful, stunning creature, in a wonderful bathing suit strolled past and said, "Hello, Walter." When she had passed, his wife asked suspiciously, "Walter, who was that?" "Don't bother me," said Walter, "I'll be three months trying to explain to her who you are."



1072. Drying Off in the Shade.

No. 1072. DRYING OFF IN THE SHADE.

Masculine humanity is above par at the seashore, and the man who can afford a month at the beach in summer is as popular as a pretty woman in an army post. And anything with trousers on passes as a man at the shore during the famine period. There always are about four girls to each man, except on Sundays and holidays, when the hubbies and sweethearts run down from the city to make sure they haven't lost part of the family during the week.

The man in the background evidently hasn't the courage, although he looks as if he would like to get acquainted and don't dare, and the three lonely females drying off in the shade of their beach tent probably feel as if they all were Eves in an Adamless Eden, and probably would welcome even their husbands or anything, just so it was a man.



1073. The Diver.

No. 1073. THE DIVER.

One of the most famous of modern pieces of statuary is "The Diver," and it is apparent that the young woman who is posing on the stone is a student of art, for she has caught the position of the marble figure perfectly, as far as one can see. Despite the fact that the tide is out and a plunge from her pedestal would land her in the sand, she looks the part and, from the visible evidence, she might be the duplicate of the marble girl. The conventions, however, forbid a flesh and blood girl the privileges allowed marble girls, so this one wears her bathing suit instead of standing in the famous Louvre in Paris all the time without even enough on her to keep off the draught.



1074. A Frolic at Rockaway Beach, N. Y.

No. 1074. A FROLIC AT ROCKAWAY BEACH—NEW YORK.

Nowhere in all the world do grownups become boys and girls again as they do at the seashore. The actions of men and women prove that the theory that the more clothes we take off the younger we feel, is well founded, and that if we never wore any clothes at all we probably would live much longer.

Ring around the rosy and crack the whip are two of the favorite sports at Rockaway, down below New York, where men and women flee from the hot, dirty city to frolic on the clean, warm sands. They play ring around the rosy with their wives and husbands and sweethearts, or with anyone else's wives or husbands or sweethearts, and have more fun than children, for after all they are only grownup children who have let business and the eternal grab for money drive happiness and lightheartedness out of their lives.



1075. Cool and Contented.

No. 1075. COOL AND CONTENTED.

Once upon a time there was a man whose wife had a friend, a girl friend, who was very beautiful, and his wife always was telling him what a beautiful form her friend had, and how she might make her fortune if she would go on the stage. This naturally interested the husband, who was in the theatrical business, and he endeavored to persuade his wife's friend to go into the comic opera, but she wouldn't think of it and was horrified at the idea of having to wear short skirts and dance. He offered her finally \$200.00 a week and was planning to raise even that offer, but first he wanted to convince himself that his wife's judgment was good. He couldn't think of any way to see for himself whether the wonderful limbs described by his wife really existed, until his wife suggested a plan. He was to hide in the next room, while she was to get her friend to try on a beautiful pair of stockings. The scheme worked to perfection, but, later the husband growled: "What the Dickens did you want to try on those stockings also for?"

"Why, dear," she expostulated, "It didn't make any difference." "It didn't, eh?" he demanded, "I had six of my friends hidden in that room with me."



1976. The Ballet Girl Between the Acts.

No. 1076. THE BALLET GIRL BETWEEN THE ACTS.

Once upon a time there was a young and callow youth who had been to college, and who fell in love with every female he saw on the stage, and thought them all beautiful, spent his money on dinners and wine for them and generally made himself more of a mule than he was. When he went home for the summer vacation the first thing he did was to break his engagement to his real sweetheart, whom he told about the beautiful creature who had won his love. He described her ravishing beauty, said he was madly in love with her, and that he intended to pursue her all over the world until she consented to become his wife.

The young woman to whom he was engaged knew a thing or two, and, instead of breaking her heart over him or spoiling her complexion crying about it, knew that it was only a question of time. So she waited, and the young man went pursuing his ballet girl fairy from one night stand to one night stand, buying wine and pouring it into pianos, and sending her American Beauties every night, until finally the company came to the town in which his ex-fiancee lived. He told her that he still loved his beautiful will o' the wisp of the stage, that she was adorable, perfect, a vision of beauty, and so excited the curiosity of the girl he had jilted that she went with him to see the performance, and when the vision appeared she started, and the vision smiled at her across the footlights, as she danced. "What," said the infatuated young man, "You know my beauteous charmer?"

"Sure," said his ex-fiancee, "she used to do our washing."

Moral—Look in the laundry first.



1077. Dreaming—A Shady Nook—A Quiet Brook.

No. 1077. DREAMING—A SHADY NOOK, A QUIET BROOK.

There was a young woman of Frisco
Who went fishing way up on the Cisco.
She disrobed by a pool
Just to keep herself cool
And fell sound asleep. What a risk, O!

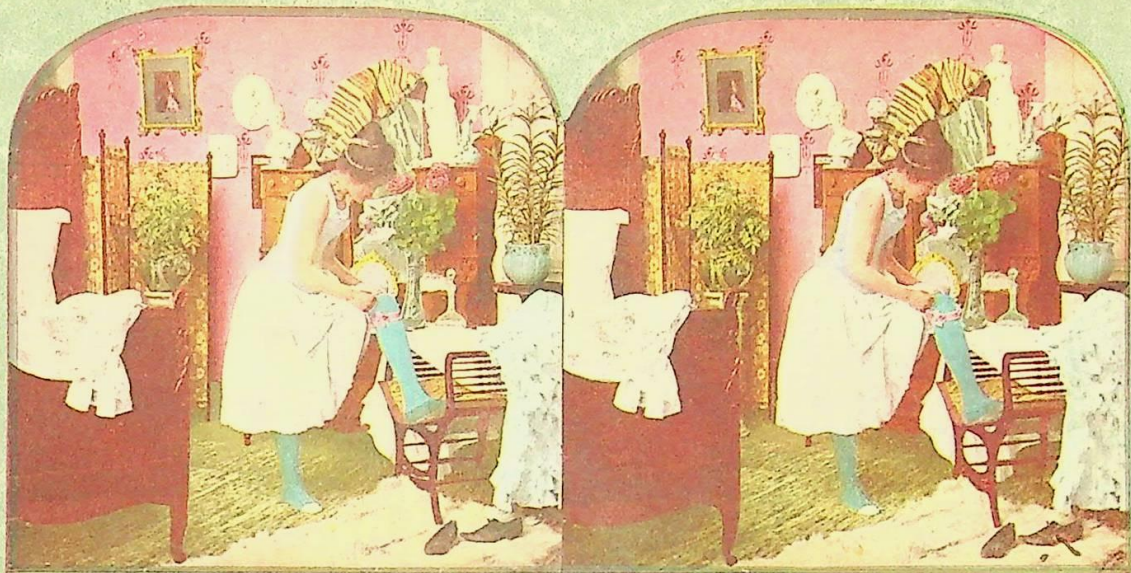
She dreamed that each fish was a man,
That she hooked them as fast as they swam.
She awoke with a bite
(Her skin was a fright)—
Twas mosquitos, she surely said "sugar!"



1079. The Mandolin Player. A La Oriental.

No. 1079. THE MANDOLIN PLAYER. A LA ORIENTALE.

Turkey and other countries of the Orient still hold that man is the superior being and that woman is his slave, to be bought and sold, or even murdered at the will of the man who is her master. The Turks build great, beautiful palaces, filled with luxurious furniture, rare tapestries, and in these beautiful cages they keep as prisoners the beauties of their harems, purchased in all parts of the world, or even kidnapped and taken there. Even American and English girls have been held prisoners in the harems of the wealthy and noble Turks but the great beauties of the Turkish harems are the Georgians, white Asian girls, and the Greeks. These women clothed lightly in silks and gauze, live in idleness, without work, and seldom are allowed to even look out of their gorgeous cages, and have nothing to do all the year except to make music, or otherwise entertain their masters.

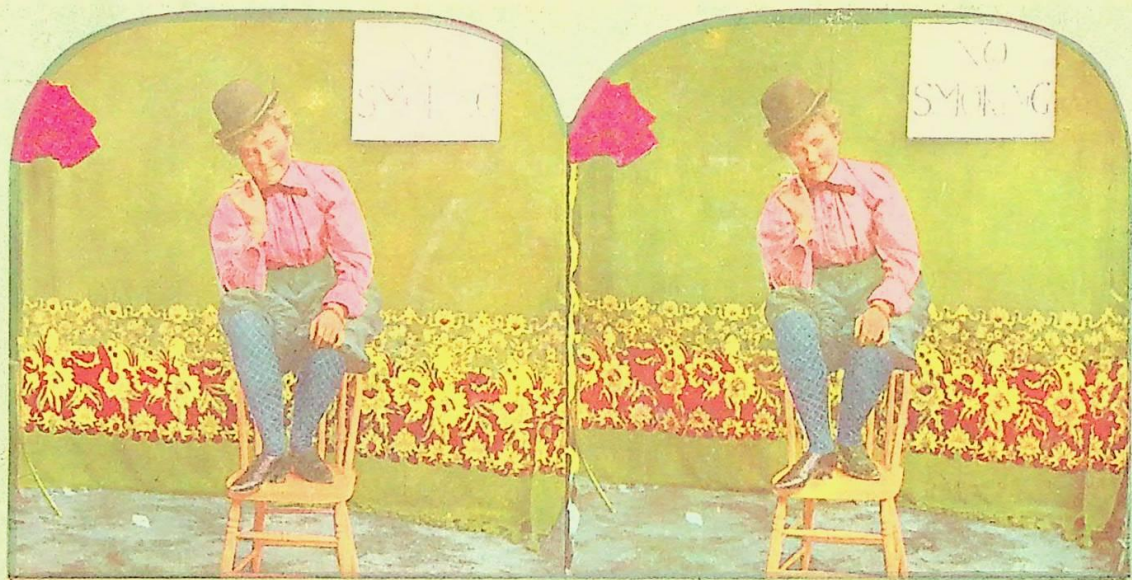


1082. A Good Supporter.

No. 1082. A GOOD SUPPORTER.

What every girl needs is a good supporter; strong, firm and elastic; one that will give her a sense of security. She must be sure that the one she gets will keep up under the most trying circumstances; not one of loose habits, that might make a slip that would expose one's weaknesses, or frailties (or even well hidden perfections) to the gaze of a curious and unsympathetic public. She must have one that will uphold in every emergency, one whose embrace is clinging and comforting, yet never gets too tight; one that guards against wrinkles, and makes everything smooth for her.

One? Why, every girl needs three things that fill all these requirements: one husband, and two garters.



1083. I Don't Care For Signs.

No. 1083. I DON'T CARE FOR SIGNS.

There was a young lady of Nantes
Who escaped from the care of her aunts.
Dressed herself as a boy,
And her wink was so coy
She threw all the men in a trance.

So she went to a masquerade dance
(Of course, this all happened in France)
The sign said, "No Smoking."
She thought they were joking.
Till thrown out by the slack of her bloomers.



1084. Far Away From Curious Eyes.

No. 1084. FAR AWAY FROM CURIOUS EYES.

"Isn't it a comfort to get away out here in the country where there are no prying eyes to see?"

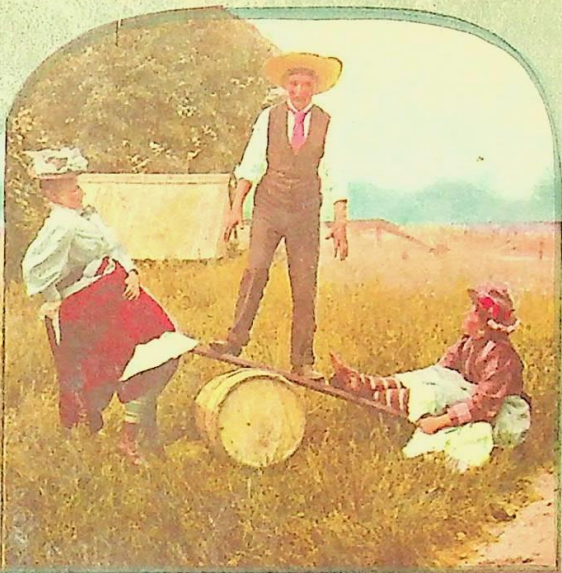
"Yes, but think what all those poor men back in the city are missing; staying there in the hot dirty city while we are out here."

"Well, if all the Missourians should come marching past now they'd get what they're always wanting."

"Yes, and if they saw the whole show, I expect they'd all want a concert thrown in. Say, did I tell you what that fellow said to me in the store the other day? He wanted to look at some peek-a-boo shirt waists, and after I'd taken down half the stock he complained he couldn't find what he wanted. 'Well, what do you want?' I asked. 'One with bigger peek-a-boos in them,' he said. 'I want to give it to my best girl.' "

"That man surely came from Joplin."

"Did I tell you what another one said to me? I was selling him some handkerchiefs and finally he said, 'What will you take off for cash? And I froze him up. I said 'Not even my hat.' "



1087. Oh! Keep Her Going.

No. 1087. OH, KEEP HER GOING.

Once upon a time there was a bashful man who was appealed to by two demure maidens to help them see-saw. So they got a board and put it across a barrel and they put him in the middle to keep the teeter going. They were having so much fun that they forgot, and the first thing the bashful man saw when he turned his head, looked to him like a pair of barber poles. And what he saw, she saw, and when he saw she saw and she saw he saw, the other girl went "hee haw," and the see-saw went gee haw, and he turned his head and saw more gee gaws, and O, law! she saw he saw gee gaw, and he saw they saw. Oh pshaw! just as soon as they saw he saw they stopped the see-saw and he saw no more.



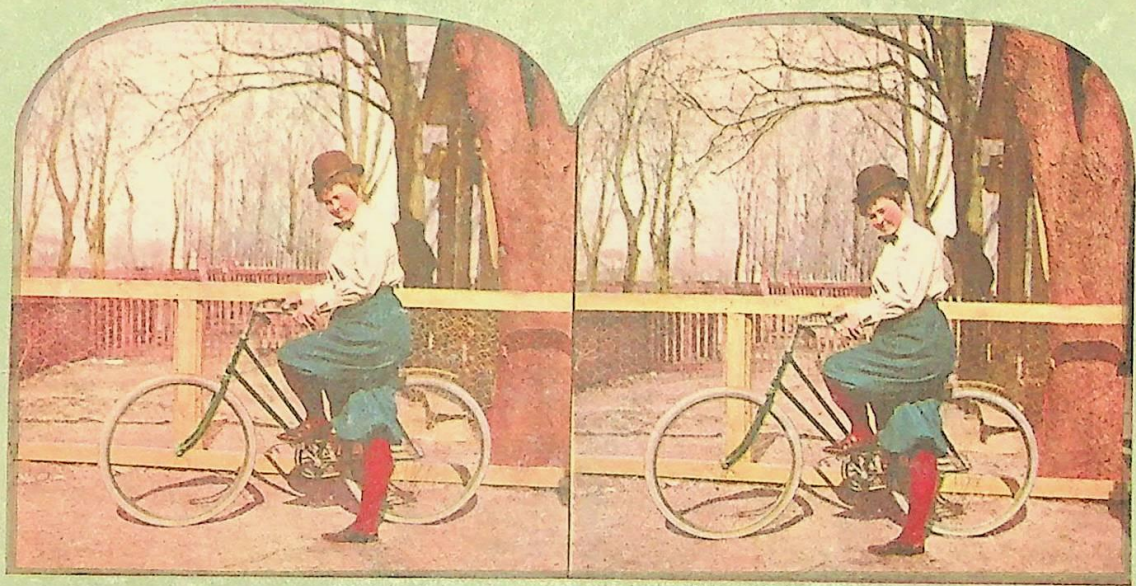
1088. Biddy Sees a Rat.

No. 1088. BIDDY SEES A RAT.

This is Biddy's day in. Her mistress is lunching tete-a-tete with the man who is trying hard to get the privilege of paying the bills, so naturally the young mistress is anxious to show her ability to keep house and manage an establishment.

A dainty little luncheon has been prepared, and the mistress, just as she hears the bell ring, tells Biddy to serve the tomatoes undressed. Biddy appears, bearing the tomatoes and announces:

"Be dad, Oi'll not take off anither stich if Oi lose me job." As if that were not bad enough, a mouse starts to complicate things and Biddy sights it first. Isn't that always the way? Whenever you are particularly anxious for everything to go off smoothly everything goes wrong.

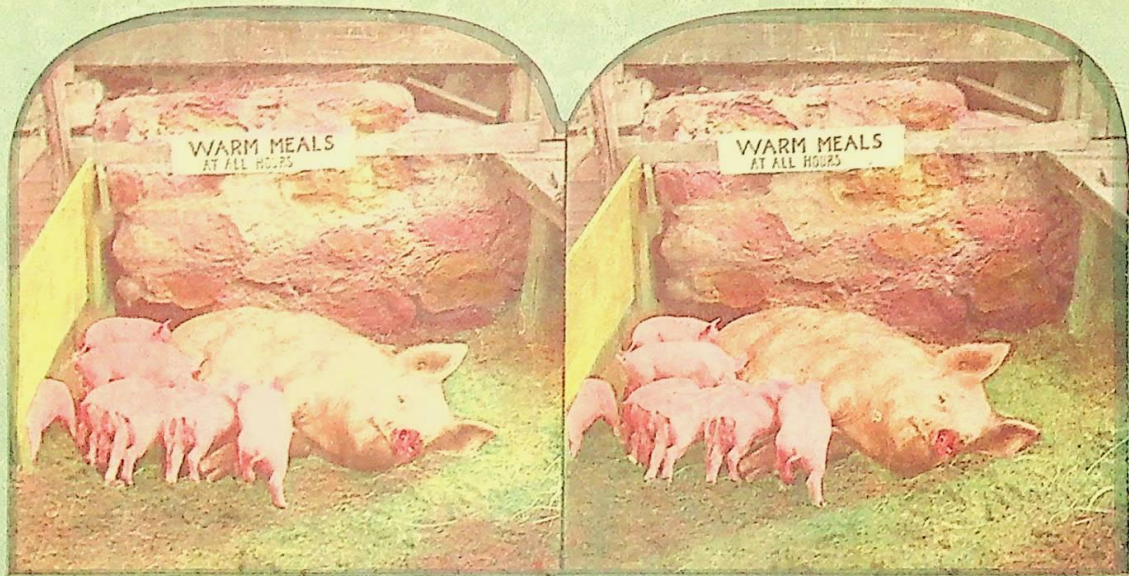


1089. Off For a Ride.

No. 1089. OFF FOR A RIDE.

This fair little bicycle maid
Don't appear to be one bit afraid,
The men they all stare,
But she doesn't care
When out riding she heads the parade.

One day she was in a bad smashup,
Her costume it surely did slash up;
But as she had no others,
She borrowed her brother's,
And rode out to look her best mash up.

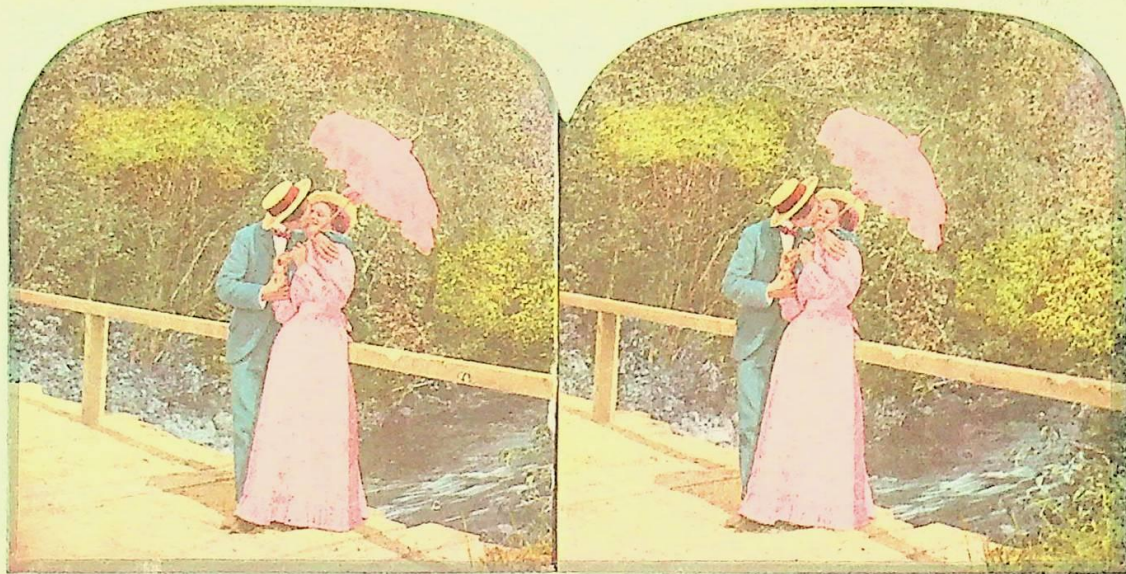


1092. Warm Meals at All Hours.

No. 1092. WARM MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

Once upon a time there was a big, patient, good-natured sow with eight pigs, and she loved them all just the same and had warm meals for them at all hours, and fed and cared for and provided for them, shielded them in danger and sheltered them in time of storm. Seven of the little pigs were just ordinary, happy little pigs, but the eighth, whose name was Trust, was born with the business instinct, and before his tail was fairly curled he decided that he was born an Organizer. So he looked over the other seven pigs and he called aside two of the strongest and said: "This food supply is ours by Divine Right, because we are the three strongest. If we can control the supply and force the other five to pay us double prices we will get rich." So the three organized a Community of interest, and by securing possession of the eight teats, they compelled the other five to pay them for the privilege of using part of them. And the three grew stronger and stronger, but the organizer had reserved 51 per cent of the corporation, because he thought of the idea, so when he got strong enough he squeezed out his two partners and secured a monopoly. By that time five of the little pigs were too weak to resist and the other two didn't dare for fear of exposing their own criminal action. And when the suckling days were over the Organizer capitalized under the laws of New Jersey and issued stock in the new corporation to control the swill supply, paying for the new stock with his shares of the old. By adding water to the swill he sold the other pigs, he got richer and richer, and they weaker and weaker, until he was in control of everything. Finally one day the farmer noticed that seven of his pigs were starving while one was so fat he could hardly waddle. So he took his knife and killed the fat pig.

This is an allegory that every pig and every farmer should read.



1094. Taking Toll at the Bridge.

No. 1094. TAKING TOLL AT THE BRIDGE.

Say, how'd you like to be the toll man? Wouldn't it be grand to have the job of collecting? Only, if a fellow had such a job he'd never rest content. He'd want to be promoted to toll keeper on the Brooklyn bridge, and probably at that he'd wish they'd build something bigger.

Man is a discontented animal anyhow. There is a verse that runs something like this: "As a rule, man's a fool, when it's hot he wants it cool, when it's cool he wants it hot, always wanting what is not." That's man the world over. He'll beg and pine away and make a fool of himself over a pretty girl, and the moment he gets her he starts out after others, and even when he marries her he takes long chances on the divorce court. Not long ago a New York man was going to Europe to spend a couple of months in Paris. "Going to take your wife?" asked a friend. "Say," replied the husband, "Would I take a ham sandwich to a banquet?"



1095. Wash Day For the New Woman.

No. 1095. WASH DAY FOR THE NEW WOMAN.

One might think, from gazing at the picture on the other side, that it was a joke, but that is only because some people do not seem to know that this is woman's era, and that the hand that used to rock the cradle and rub upon the washboard now not only rules the world, but has decreed that man shall be her slave.

The newest new woman was one who was in a Brooklyn police court to give bail for her husband who had been arrested on a charge of drunkenness. The husband told the court a remarkable story. He said that his wife took in washing, doing a large business and that while she solicited trade and collected bills, she kept him at work over the wash-tubs and ironing board for ten or twelve hours a day and only allowed him ten cents a day for his labor.

"But," said the judge, "Do you mean to tell me you could get drunk as you were on ten cents?"

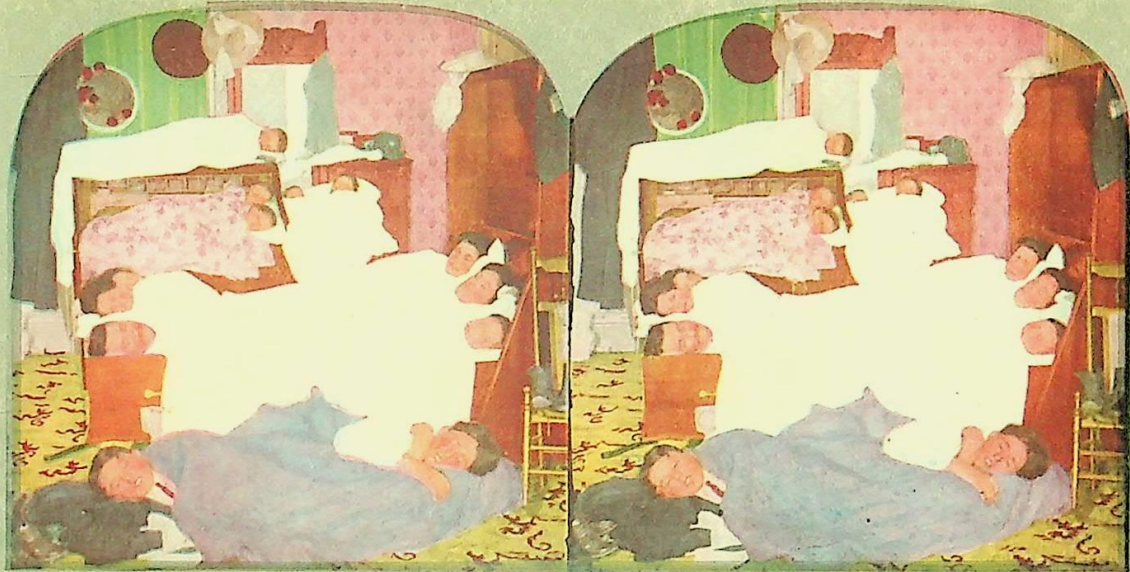
"No judge," said the husband, sadly, "I saves up my ten centsses and when I have saved enough I go get a beaut."



1096. You Mean Thing! That's No Fair.

No. 1096. YOU MEAN THING. THAT'S NO FAIR.

Once upon a time a fool killer was resting from his labors and just preparing to take a nap when he espied a person wandering along the road. "Hello!" said the fool killer, "Here comes one of the parties I've been waiting for!" So he crept quietly along, club in hand, and, stepping out in front of the grinning person, remarked, "You are the man who didn't know it was loaded, are you not?" "No," said the grinning person, "I'm the man that rocks the boat." Taking a firmer grip on his club the fool killer swung it crashing upon the head of the grinning party and remarked to himself, "Better luck than I hoped for."



1097. Like a Can of Sardines. (Thirteen in Bed, Count Em.)

No. 1097. LIKE A CAN OF SARDINES.

The photograph on the opposite side is almost as bad as the conditions in a Chicago lodging house, described by one of the hoboes who spent a night there. "Oh, yes," he said, "It was clean enough. We were crowded in so close together that there wasn't room for the bed bugs. I was in the pickpocket business at that time, and although I knew there wasn't much to be stolen in that crowd, I decided to practice a little just to keep my hand in, as it were. I began hunting, and the first thing I found was a fat pocketbook. I was surprised and kept on reaching all around into the pockets of the men around me, and tickled to death. Everybody I touched seemed to have a pocketbook, and I was figuring that I was wealthy. I got up first in the morning, so as to get out before the fellows I had robbed woke up, and when I got a little ways down the street I ran my hands into my pockets, they were empty. I had been working all night robbing myself, and finally wound up by shoving my own watch into the pocket of some fellow sleeping next to me."



1099. And She Didn't Seem to Mind.

No. 1099. AND SHE DIDN'T SEEM TO MIND.

Once there was a man who was foolish and a girl who was foolish—like a fox. She was as pretty; well, she was just pretty enough to make any man's heart go pitty pat, pitty pat, and bump all around inside of his vest. And this man who was foolish spent the whole afternoon with her, wandering through shady dells, and sitting at her feet in deep, cool glens, and all the time he was wondering what she would do if he were to try to kiss her. But every time he got to thinking about it, his heart would begin to jump up and down, and his lips would get dry and his tongue so thick he hardly could say a word, and just as he would get all ready to try, his courage would all ooze away and his heart would drop way down into his boots.

He went on this way day after day and week after week, trying to get up his courage, but she was so pretty and innocent looking that he didn't dare, for fear she would get angry and send him away forever. But one evening he found her sitting alone on the porch, and she looked so sweet and pretty that he just slipped up and bent over her real quickly and kissed her passionately on the cheek, and she never moved, but sat there until he said: "Dearest, forgive me, you are angry because I kissed you on the cheek." "No," she said softly, "but you might have found a better place to kiss me." Possibly she meant, than the porch, but he didn't see it that way—and she didn't seem to mind.

There is a teaching in this for all bashful lovers. It won't do to tell what it is, but this is a hint: Mighty few of them ever mind.